

# Our Children's Page—Published for The Times-Dispatch Children's Club

## The Rest of the Contest

My dear Girls and Boys:

I am trying to take a little room on the page today as possible, because we have so many fine contributions for the Christmas Contest that I do not want crowded out. This is only to wish you a Happy New Year and to thank you for all the lovely cards and good wishes that the members took the time and trouble to send to their Editor. The fact that you thought of me is very precious, and I appreciate so much the loving wishes from every one of you. I am sure that the contest will run over into next Sunday, so don't be disappointed if you see it still not on the page. We had so much sent in for it. Don't you think it is splendid. I do.

YOUR EDITOR.

## Bright Stories by Members of the Club

### TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

The streets of Richmond are crowded with "last-minute" Christmas shoppers. Each one is jostled about, and the arms of most of them are filled to overflowing with presents for dear ones. The snow is falling in a "hurry-all" manner; the wind is biting, and there seems to be a great deal of each, the securing of a home, where they may deposit some of their assembled prizes.

Among them is a girl, who would not be accounted noticeable except for the extreme delapidation of her clothing; she looks care-worn and is hollow-eyed, yet in a sense, very beautiful. She has no packages, she stands watching the stream of people. Suddenly she looks down, and lying at her feet she finds a small package—she picks it up, thinking that the Lord had remembered her and sent her a present. Then, like dreamer, she realizes that it must be the property of some one of the vast number of people. She looks about for a possible owner. Who in this vast majority of people owns this little package? How is she to get it? She decides that she will go home before opening the package; she thinks that perhaps the owner's name will be inside. On arriving at her little home she opens the package, and there inside is a golden Christmas card, with a picture of a young man in a military uniform. As she gazes on the wonder, then carefully she replaces it in its wrappings and hides it in her pocket. That evening she secures a "Times-Dispatch" and there in the ad lines is an account of a missing Christmas card. The paper states that a young man bought the card for his wedding, which was to be solemnized on the next day, Christmas Eve. It was valued at a few hundred dollars, and it was supposed to be stolen by pickpockets. The girl is undecided what to do. Here in her hand is a small fortune; none would suspect her, but is it right? Conscience forbids her to keep the card. So the young man she sent the following note:

"Mr. Ralph Browning—Dear Sir—If you call at Broad Street soon tomorrow, you'll learn something to your interest."

"Yours truly,"

"ANN SAMUELS."

Nagely she awaited his coming. He identified himself as his own, and after suitably rewarding the girl, left. That night a large basket was brought to Ann's door, containing among other things, a large turkey for Christmas dinner. Ann thanked God that she had withstood the temptation to steal the card, and started preparing her Christmas dinner for tomorrow was Christmas Day.

(Original.)

By PAULINE KENNON.

### THE REASON WHY WE CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is Christ's birthday. He was born in Bethlehem, Judea. He was born in a manger in the city of David. While the shepherds watched their flocks by night an angel of the Lord came from heaven and pointed to a star in the East, and the angel said unto them: "Fear not you, behold joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior in which is Christ, the Lord, ye shall find the babe wrapped and lying in the manger." The angels flew away and they were singing "Peace on Earth, good will toward men," and the shepherds said to one another: "Let us go and see this thing which the Lord has made known unto us." And so they left their flocks and went to Bethlehem in haste and when they got there, they found Jesus lying in the manger, and Joseph and Mary there. The star shone right above the babe, and that is why we celebrate Christmas. We all have a good time when Christmas comes. The little ones have Christmas trees and old Santa Claus and dolls and candy and lots of nice things. They get good and little ones get pretty Christmas cards and presents from their cousins and friends, and the grown people get presents and cards, too. Boys and girls get fire-crackers, a sky-rocket, and lots of other things. We have big Christmas trees and they give presents of it, and they give oranges, bananas, candy and apples. They have great big Christmas trees in the city for the poor people who cannot have Christmas trees at their homes. We have big dinners on Christmas. We have turkey, chicken, candy, jelly, cakes and all sorts of fruits. We will never forget Christmas, as it is the happiest day in the year. We all have holidays from school.

(Original.)

Age 11 years.

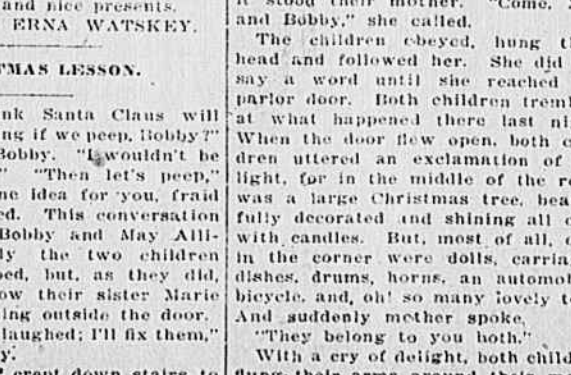
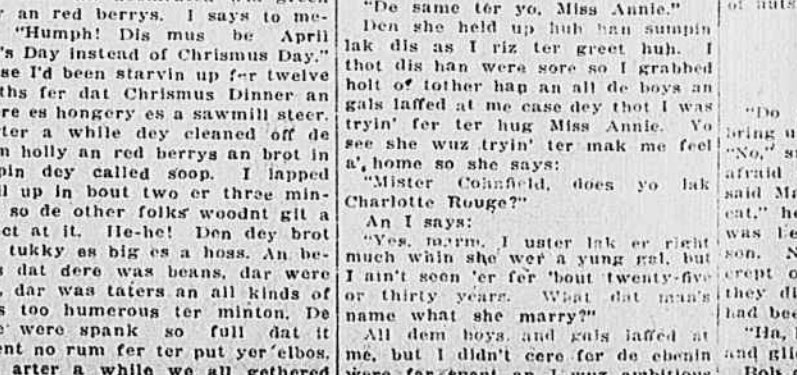
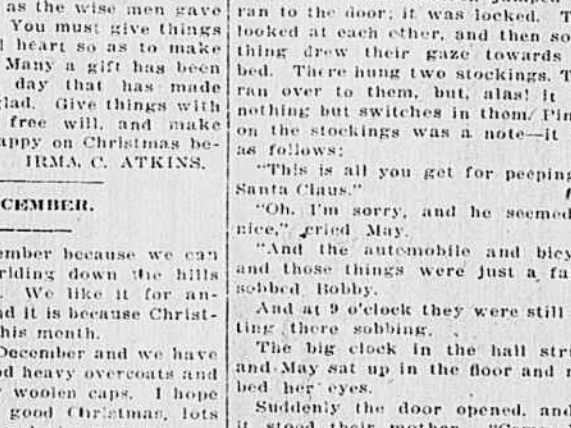
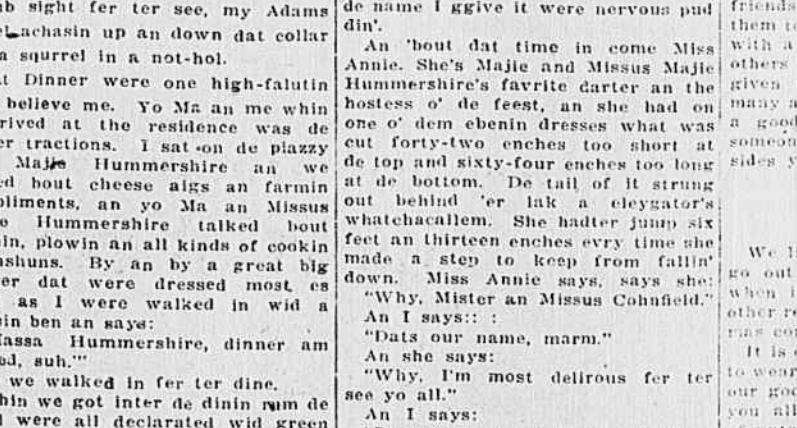
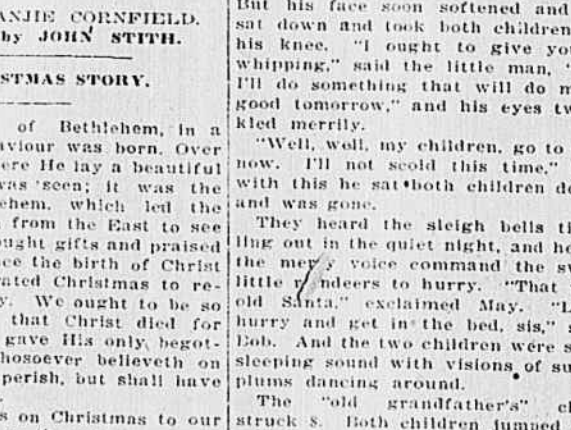
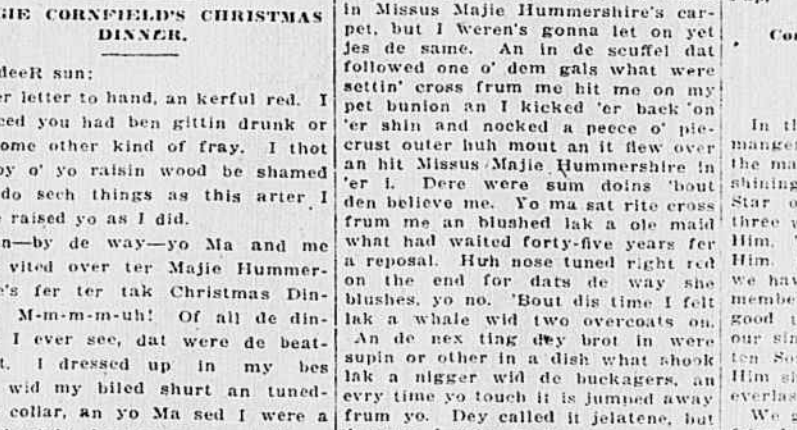
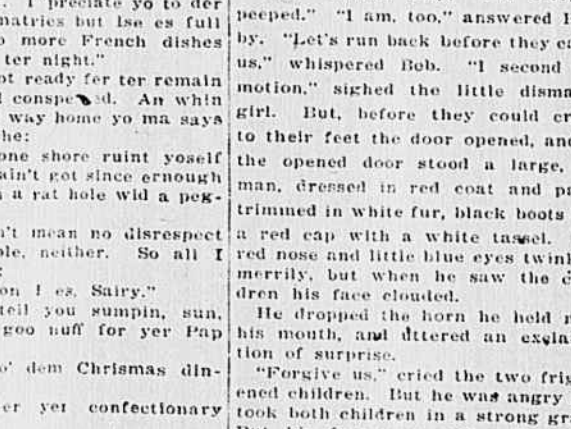
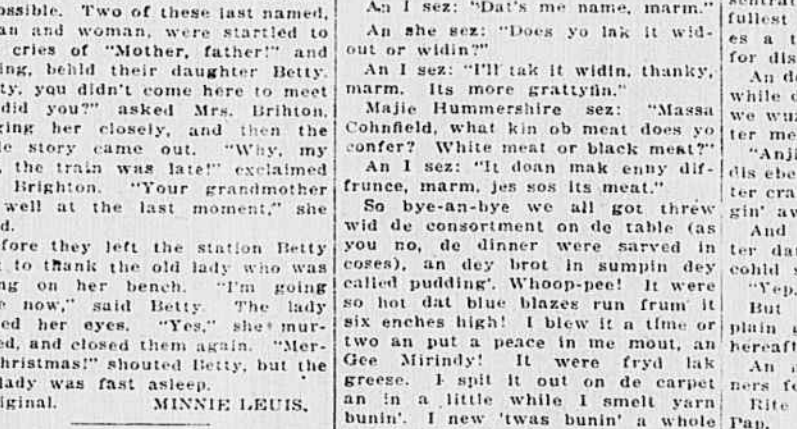
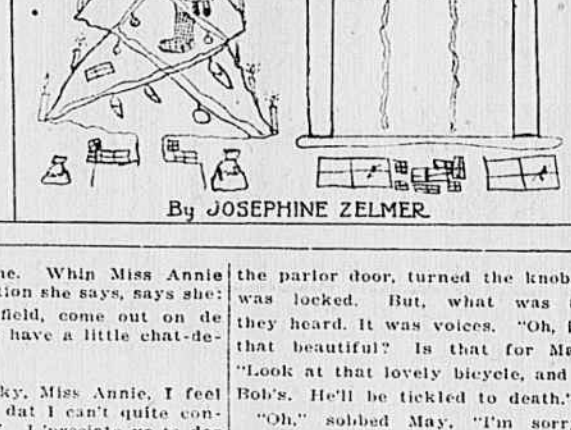
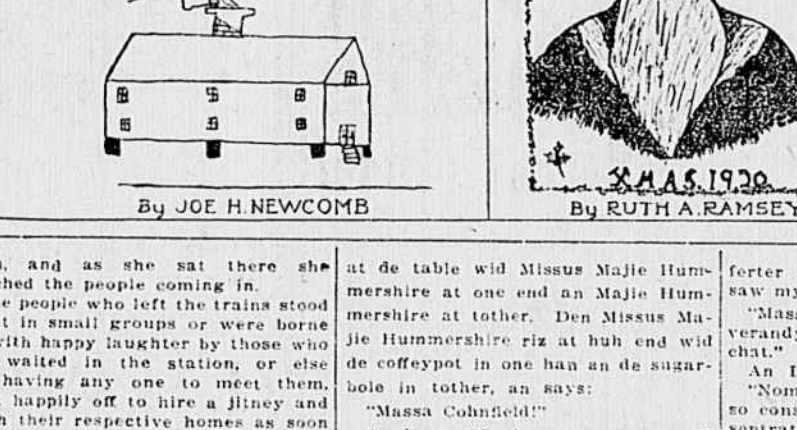
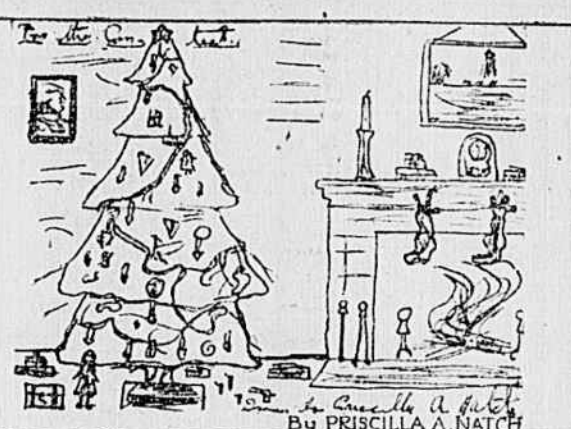
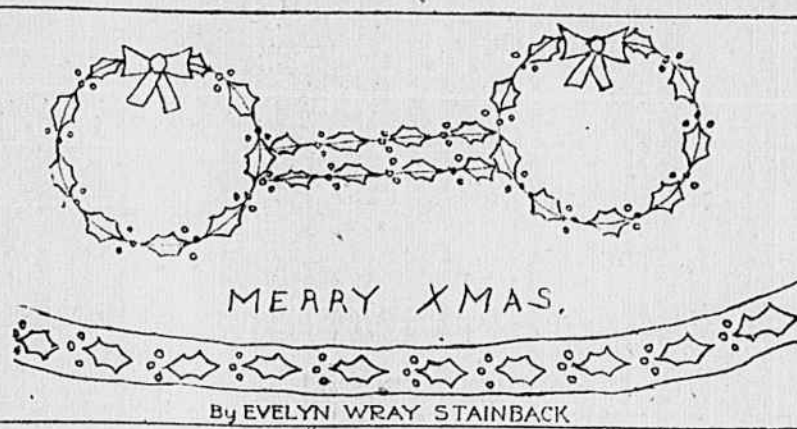
By ELIZABETH RICHARDS.

### A LITTLE BOY'S CHRISTMAS.

Once upon a time there was a little boy whose name was Will. His mother was very poor and it was near Christmas Eve and she had no money to buy her little boy any presents. So she prayed that night that God would send Santa Claus to her little boy and the next morning when she awoke she went to the front door and what did she see but a great big white elf of everything you could call for. He had a red and white little boy's heart, and he had a beautiful Christmas morning. He was very proud and it showed that God loved him and, answered her prayer because he was a good boy.

Composed by PAY ATKINS.

## Sketches Drawn by Members of The T. D. C. C.



## With Our Little Virginia Poets

### SANTA CLAUS.

When it was Christmas Eve  
Every child gladly took their leave  
To dream of the many toys  
That Santa Claus brings to good girls  
and boys.

When everyone was fast asleep,  
Down the chimney d'd good Santa  
creep  
He need not tiptoe to your bed,  
For his boots are woolen, and you  
don't hear him tread.

He has those jolly, twinkling eyes,  
That remind you of stars in the skies.  
His shape is like a barrel of flour;  
Minutes are precious to him; he  
hardly wastes an hour.

Santa Claus is always dressed in red,  
From his very heel to the top of his  
head.

I'll say he's a jolly good fellow,  
With a voice so soft and mellow.

### OUR FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Hark! listen to the ringing bells!  
Now you know what Christmas tells.  
Of the little Christ child's birth,  
Sent from heaven, born on earth.

All in swaddling clothes He lay  
In the manger, on the hay.  
While the people 'round Him sing  
"Hallelujah to our King!"

But the angels sang, and said  
The ye not afraid;  
We have come to tell the glad news  
Of a Child born, King of the Jews.

When the wise men of afar  
Saw the shining, glittering star,  
They made haste to bring  
Presents to their Lord, the King.

Hark! listen to the ringing bells!  
Now you know what Christmas tells.  
Of the little Christ child's birth,  
Sent from heaven, born on earth.

ANN ELIZABETH PROCTOR.

### CHRISTMAS.

Why we at Christmas are happy and  
glad,  
The King of Glory was born  
To take away our sins and make us  
glad.

Early, the first Christmas morn,  
Seldom we think why we are gay,  
The King of Love was born.  
To make us see that way;  
Early, the first Christmas morn.

Very often as we think of the smile  
Of a lass and lad,  
The King of Honor was born  
To keep us from frenzy and mad;  
Early, the first Christmas morn.

And he preached and taught of the  
Home above the clouds,  
The King of Salvation was born;  
For Salvation, Honor, Recreation,  
Love,  
Early, the first Christmas morn.

GLADYS SNEAD.

### CHRISTMAS TIME.

(Original.)

November days are passing on,  
And soon 'twill be December.  
The happiest month of all the year!  
A time, which all remember.

This time is merry Christmas,  
Which day, each one enjoys,  
And dear old Santa, loved by all,  
Brings gifts to girls and boys.

### GRANDPA'S CHRISTMAS PARTNER-SHIP.

They were counting their presents in  
grandma's room,  
Where the dear old lady sat knitting  
away.  
Exchanging with grandpa a nod and  
a smile  
Over the children at their play.  
Counting their presents, 'till Arthur  
asked  
As he sat at last to his grandpa's  
knee:  
Say grandpa say, when you were a  
boy  
Did you have a Santa, same as we?

"When I was a boy," said grandpa  
then;  
The jolliest Christmas I ever knew  
Was the time when I went into part-  
nership,  
I and some of my comrades, too,  
With kind old Santa himself and help-  
ful day,  
For a lonely woman who widowed and  
lived with her child not far away.  
SUSIE JOHNSON.

### THE CHRIST CHILD.

One black, cold Christmas Eve  
night a little boy went trudging  
through the fast-falling snow down  
one of the avenues of a large city.  
On this avenue the wealthiest peo-  
ple of the city lived. This little boy  
was clad in a thin garment, which  
was tattered almost to rags. He was  
barefooted and his little feet were  
purple with cold. As he trudged  
along he smelt the crisp smell of  
goose roasting and turkey baking.  
The children through the  
windows hanging on their stockings  
and he saw large Christmas trees  
waiting to be adorned.

As he was so cold and hungry he  
went up the steps and rang the bell.  
He saw merry children dancing  
around a Christmas tree which had  
just been decorated. One of these chil-  
dren, a little girl, came to the door.  
When the little boy asked to be let  
into warm by the fire, she haughtily  
replied "No," and shut the door. He  
walked down the street a little ways  
and the smell of roast goose was so  
strong that he decided to stop. He  
went to the door and rang the bell. A  
maid answered the door, and learn-  
ing the little boy's errand, she opened  
the door in his face. Going on along  
the street he went in several other  
houses, but only meeting with the  
same result. Coming to the end of  
this street, he turned into a side  
street. Here the lights were dim,  
the streets were dirty and the houses  
small and mean looking. The little  
boy was now half-frozen and could  
hardly walk any further. The snow  
had ceased falling and the North  
wind was still up. He was walking  
along this side street he saw a small,  
one-story house.

Seeing a kindly-looking candle in  
the window of this house, he climbed  
up the half-broken steps and knocked  
on the door. A small girl came to  
the door and asked him to come in.  
A small, neat-looking room. Although  
it had hardly any furniture except a  
broken down bed, two or three old  
chairs and home-made table and  
couch with no springs. A mother  
sat in a chair by a small fire. Two  
little children were standing by the  
mother's chair, and a little baby lay  
in the mother's arms. When the  
mother saw the little child half-  
frozen, who had come to her door,  
she gave the baby to another one  
of her children and took the little  
boy to the fire and tried to warm his  
cold little hands and feet. She told  
the little boy that she was poor, her  
husband was dead and that they  
lived the best they could in that  
small shanty. Her two older chil-  
dren sold papers and flowers and she

### A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas Eve. Down in  
the streets a white with snow.  
In a shabby little home sat a widow  
shivering and thinking about Christ-  
mas, what she was going to give her  
child, Alice. Thinking of other  
Christmases, too, when she had  
everything she wanted.

Her father did not want her to  
marry a poor man, and when she mar-  
ried him he would not let her put her  
foot on his lot.

The door flew open, and in came  
Alice from school, telling her what  
the other girls wanted Santa to bring  
them. That made her mother feel  
worse. At school Alice played with  
a rich girl, whose father was a law-  
yer. Hilda asked her father to give  
the poor little girl a happy Christ-  
mas. Her father went with his  
daughter to Alice's house with some  
toys. He rapped gently at the door.  
Alice's mother opened it. She recog-  
nized her mother, whom she had not  
seen for many years.

He carried them to his home, and  
they all had a happy Christmas.  
Original.

### CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Christmas morning when I first  
awoke I saw my stocking full to the  
top. I jumped out of bed and ran  
to the stocking there were a ball,  
doll, and all kinds of things. The  
doll could open and shut her eyes.  
I played with her most all Christmas  
Day. Santa Claus brought me a book  
and I read stories to my doll. I took  
a fine time Christmas Day. Then  
went to dinner, after dinner I played  
games.

Written by  
MARTHA HENRIETTA BLANTON.